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Pam  
g#142

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The guerillas.  
Conf Pam q#142

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# THE GUERRILLAS.



Awake and to horse, my brothers;  
For the dawn is glimmering gray,  
And hark! in the crackling brushwood  
There are feet that tread this way.

"Who cometh?" "A friend!" "What tidings?"  
"Oh God! I sicken to tell,  
For the earth seems earth no longer,  
And its sights are sights of Hell.

There's rapine and fire and slaughter,  
From the mountain down to the shore;  
There's blood on the trampled harvest,  
And blood on the homestead floor.

"From far off conquered cities,  
Comes a voice of stifled wail,  
And the shrieks and moans of the houseless  
Ring out like a dirge on the gale.

"I've seen from the smoking village  
Our mothers and daughters fly;  
I've seen where the little children  
Sank down in the furrows to die.

"On the banks of the battle-stained river  
I stood as the moonlight shone,  
And it glared on the face of my brother  
As the sad wave swept him on.

"Where my home was glad, are ashes,  
And horror and shame had been there,  
For I found on the fallen lintel  
This tress of my wife's torn hair.

"They are turning the slave upon us  
And with more than Fiends' worst art,  
Have uncovered the fire of the Savage  
That slept in his untaught heart.

"The ties to our hearth that bound him,  
They have rent with curses away,  
And maddened him with their madness  
To be almost as brutal as they.

"With halter and torch and Bible,  
And hymns to the sound of the drum,  
They preach the Gospel of Murder  
And pray for Lust's kingdom to come.

"To saddle! To saddle! My brothers!  
Look up to the rising sun,  
And ask the God who shines there,  
Whether deeds like these shall be done!

"Wherever the vandal cometh,  
Press home to his heart with your steel  
And when at his bosom you can not,  
Like the serpent, go, strike at his heel.

"Through thicket and wood go hunt him,  
Creep on to his camp fire side,  
And let *ten* of his corpses blacken  
Where *one* of our brothers hath died.

"In his fainting foot-sore marches,  
In his flight from the stricken fray,  
In the snare of the lonely ambush  
The debts that we owe him, pay.

"In God's hand, alone, is vengeance,  
But He strikes with the hands of men,  
And His blight would wither our manhood  
If we smite not the smiter again.

"By the graves where our fathers slumber,  
By the shrines where our mothers prayed,  
By our homes and hopes and freedom  
Let every man swear on his blade,

"That he will not sheath nor stay it,  
'Till from point to hilt it glow,  
With the flush of Almighty vengeance  
In the blood of the felon foe."

They swore—and the answering sunlight  
Leaped red from their lifted swords,  
And the hate of their hearts made echo  
To the wrath in their burning words.

There's weeping in all New England,  
And by Schuylkill's banks a knell,  
And the widows there, and the orphans  
How the oath was kept, can tell.



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